

children CHURCHES & daddies

children

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CHURCHES & daddies

the non-religious, non-family oriented literary and art magazine

Children, Churches and Daddies is a magazine published as often as we have enough material, so submit early and submit often. The current rate of printing is one every three weeks to a month. • While no racist or sexist material is allowed, we do accept work of almost any genre of poetry, prose or artwork. • Do not send originals; include a SASE and bio with each submission. • There are no restrictions as to how many pieces you may submit at a time or whether or not the work can be previously published. In fact, if the work has been previously published, let us know where, and we'll give it credit in the issue the work is printed in. • All material submitted is eligible for printing not only in Children, Churches and Daddies issues, but also in "the burning" poetry mini-books, collection volumes, or in our year-end poetry datebook and wall calendar. • Send all submissions, praises, questions and comments to:

Children, Churches and Daddies
Scars Publications
Janet Kuypers
5310 North Magnolia
lower level
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volume 14

To all people who have been previously published in cc&d:

I was thinking the other night, I thought, "Hey, Janet, I think it's about time you started working on a larger project. Last year at about this time you were printing a 200 page, two color perfect bound book." (In case you people don't know, the book is "Hope Chest in the Attic," and it's only about \$10. Thank you.)

So okay, I'm thinking, another book for me is not in order yet. And besides, I don't have the money... geez, it would be really nice to do a good-quality compilation book of work that has been in past issues of cc+d and chapbooks...

Well, this is what I was thinking. This giving stuff away to contributors just wouldn't work for a large project like this, so if contributors would be willing to pay the printer costs for the number of pages of work they had in the paperback book, we would all pay a fair amount - and have a proportionate number of books.

I got a quote from a printer last year (granted, this is a quote from last year, and prices may change, but hopefully not much) for about \$2,000 for 500 books. Yes, that does sound like a lot, even though that only amounts to about \$4 per book. But listen: the book is 200 pages, perfect bound, with a 2 color cover, and possibly the use of those colors in the inside of the book. In other words, nice looking.

And, when you just have a few pages of work in the book, everyone takes a small share of the cost. For example, if you only have one page in the book (one small poem) you'd be paying for one page out of 200, times \$2,000 (the cost) - only \$10. And then, when it was done, I'd send you 2 books (well worth the cost).

Even for more pages it is pretty cheap. If you have 10 pages, then your cost is 1/20th of 2,000 or \$100. Sure that sounds like a lot, but then you get 25 good quality books to share (or sell). I know I had no problem selling the first 50 copies of my book, and I want to keep more than one copy of a book like this for myself, so I know everyone could at least break even if they had more pages in the book.

I figure this is the only way I can do it. Some people buy contributors copies anyway. I'd like to publish a lot of people a lot of the time in a high quality format, but we are all going through tough times, and for a good project like this, I can't handle the financial burden alone.

Anyone out there who is interested in being a part of a book like this, something more permanent, something that I donate copies of to libraries, blah, blah, blah, please let me know. We can work out a plan where we print the number of pages for you that you can afford - as long as I have enough people willing to share this burden with me.

A magazine is fun, but a book is a part of history. I want to make everyone who has been printed on these pages a part of history with me, but I can't do it alone. Please write and let me know if you're interested. Thanks so much.


Editor

Because

What you chose to do, you did because you are,
without a doubt, your father's oldest daughter;
because of cute baby animals, especially pigs,
and your predilection for anything in pairs;
because in 1972, a lizard ran up your leg on the Appian Way,
which made you lose your self-control in public, for once,
and scream, loud; because you eat pasta for breakfast,
and low tide in Cape Cod Bay smells like rotten eggs;
because of your many socks and your rock collection, and
because of sea and sand and earth and wind and water,
you have done what you have chosen to do.

What you chose to do, you did because you are,
no more and certainly no less, you; because of
winter and hamsters and gravy and plaid,
not to mention cactus and fossils and hockey —
and what about origami and lettuce and vests; because of
your talent for picking out greeting cards, and
because of sun and rain and fire and air and sky,
you have done what you have chosen to do.

Mary Winters

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Margie

I'm five months pregnant with a child of a man who raped me. It was a week before Christmas. I was outside K Mart, near closing time. I realized I didn't have my checkbook, ran out to the car. The lot was full. I was near the curb. I ran out to get it. My car was open which was odd. Then I felt a hot flash. There was a man near the glove compartment I was rummaging through. I just focused on his clothes. I didn't know what race he was, never saw his face. He penetrated my anally. I blacked out, next I felt the cold air from the car door being open. I just drove around. I couldn't wreck my family's Christmas,

drove until 2 am. I felt guilty, I thought I'd never have let anyone invade my body. I'd have scratched and torn at him but it happened so fast. I took three showers a day to erase the feeling, the smell. When I missed my first period, I thought my body was traumatized. It was a black cloud. Then I missed my second period. When I took the test, they called to say congratulations

Lyn Lifshin

mankind after the extinction of bald eagles, coyotes, panthers, etc.

1. Man's relationship with his family: six boys

The first boy said, "My father can beat up all your fathers." The second boy said, "My father can beat up all your fathers." The third boy said, "My father can beat up all your fathers." The fourth boy said, "My father can beat up all your fathers." The fifth boy said, "I don't have a father." The sixth boy said, "All your fathers can beat up my father because my father refuses to fight." The first five boys beat up the sixth by, and then the first four beat up the fifth boy, and then they went home and beat up their fathers.

2. Man's relationship to history: Columbus Day

When I was a child, my teacher told me to honor Columbus. I even lived on a street named Columbus Drive. My uncle lived in Columbus, Ohio. My parents were planning to send me to Columbia University.

I thought about all the tortured, raped, robbed, crippled and murdered Indians. I asked my teacher why we do not honor Charles Manson and the man who went up into a Texas Tower and shot people at random. Why are there no days, streets, and universities named after them?

She replied, "Because they did not try to find a shorter route to salt and pepper."

3. Man's relationship to his work: The tiger trainer

With a sharp sick the tiger trainer forced the tiger to sit still on the sawdust. The tiger trainer jumped through a flaming hoop. The tiger trainer bowed before the tiger, but the tiger did not applaud. The tiger trainer jumped again through the hoop, but the tiger did not applaud. The tiger trainer jumped again. No applause from the tiger. The tiger trainer shot the tiger, and now the tiger trainer is unemployed.

4. Man's relationship to his self: Self Reliance, based on an essay by Emerson

That night somebody stole my radio, and I had to do my own singing.

5. Man's relationship to progress: The restaurant that turns in the Peachtree Center at Atlanta, Georgia

The current went off, and I had to pick up my plate and run around in a circle.

Duane Locke

the rains touch the earth

The rains touch the earth,
looking for hard, low places
where can be left a puddle
and a dark circle.
I step out to know
the rain's girl-fingers defying
separation by going
through my clothes
to leave their fingertips
on my skin.
The scrape of wetness
uncovers the source
that started the word
that was spoken away.
I, in my fenced-in urban backyard,
feel the infinity of a swamp,
and recall the once-known fecundity
of a once-known earth.

Duane Locke

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Discredit

Light's impressive image:
it is pure, even holy
it is friendly and wholesome;
it is the atmospheric effect
of choice for all good
and patriotic Americans —
put blunt: darkness is sin.

It's just that when you saw
sun glaring off the East River
that hot and windy summer's day,
it was like flash bulbs going off
igniting each other in chains
just beneath the surface
(a drowned person started it):
more and more, faster and faster —
you thought your brain would pop;

it's just that your doctor friend
told you: a man brought on epilepsy.
He drove by woods with low sun
shining bright through slender trees.
He stared at quick progression of s
un-shade, sun-shade, sun-shade;
got sick...

Mary Winters

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Municipii Angelorum

We're sitting, waiting for M-G-M Grand Air —
In sunglasses, that one's my father — but
He has grown into twins: the man who took me
On piggyback rides, named the great stars in
The heavens, christened dustballs under my
Bed, making light of the dark, hugger
I called dear Daddy, even when he left, went
Out West to write. But shading reptile eyes:
Another guy my mother has warned me
About, who swears by bio-rhythms, angles
Development deals, praises re-hab leaders —
"Poor women to prey on," sniffs my aunt, or pray with
Perhaps, since hugs have gotten thinner.
Last week, his "What do you want?" meant for dinner;
What I want is to skip again, a hand
On either side. I'm tired hearing
Of riots, seeing goat cheese on food, of
Not knowing who's slept in my bed. His old
Apartment's nicer. Here the police cruise
All the time in "a black and normal" and
His ladies seem so wild, like Angel who's
Too skinny (though not "on meth" anymore) or
Beth, needing a white mouse because she keeps
This snake. It's just like "Casablanca" — where
No one was told the end and acted in real
Suspense — and Dad must think he's Bogey: all
I hear is "kid." "What's her sign? "Virgo, aren't
You, kid?" What's a grown woman doing with
A python — it's called Gemini — and who cares
If Cher's at the next table? Really, what
Is that? I care that he's a writer with

(continued)

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demerits

Eddie and me were walking to school.
When we passed the Protestant Church on Hilbert Street Eddie turned and
said to me, "Blake, you believe in God?"
"I don't know," I answered.
We walked a little farther. It was five minutes until eight, we were in the
ninth grade, and we would be late for school again. When you were late
they gave you a demerit. If you accumulated too many demerits you were
made to stay after and do special, tedious assignments. I had three
demerits. Eddie had five or six demerits. He had to stay over and write
the assignments.
"Do you believe in the Devil?" said Eddie.
I looked at him. "I don't know," I said. "If there's a God, then it stands to
reason that there's a Devil. If you believe what they tell you."
"Do you believe what they tell you?"
"Some of it," I said.
"What parts of it do you believe?"
"I believe there was a Jesus."
"Was He the Son of God?"
"I don't know."
Eddie took out a cigarette and lit it with his Zippo. "If you don't know if
there's a God," he said, "why do you go to church?"
"Girls," I said.
We both went to the same Lutheran church on Sundays. Eddie worked the
altar and helped pass out the holy wafers on Communion. When I went to
the altar to get Communion Eddie was there with the reverend. He'd usu-
ally crack a smile and then I'd get the wafer and the holy words that went
with the wafer. Next I'd get the wine. I always liked the wine part.
Later I'd like wine even more.
~'You go to church only to see the girls?" said Eddie.
"Yeah, basically," I answered.
"It's a sin to think about girls the way you do."
""ou think of 'em in the same way."
"I know," Eddie admitted, and then he took a drag on his cigarette.
It was wrong for us to be smoking cigarettes. If they caught you smoking
in school they doled out demerits. Or told your parents. I preferred demer-

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its. With demerits you'd do the stupid assignments and that'd be the end of it. I was careful. I didn't want my old man to know about the cigarettes. Any excuse and the old man came down on me like a ton of bricks. It was going to rain.

I looked up at the sky. It would rain before we made it to the school. Once again we'd be five minutes late. We'd come in wet from the rain and they'd stack the demerits on us.

I had Mrs. Kramer for the first hour. She loved to stack demerits on you. Mrs. Kramer was a big fat block of a woman. She liked the girls in class and hated the boys. Practically every boy in her class had a sizable amount of demerits stacked against him. It wasn't fair. I was beginning to learn about fairness. Life's chocked full of Mrs. Kramers, demerits, endless sin, and one set of people unfairly chosen over another set of people. Even the bible teaches unfairness.

"Do you believe that Jesus loves you?" Eddie asked.

"Sure," I said. "I guess he kind of loves me."

But in truth I didn't know.

How can somebody who died almost two thousand years ago love somebody alive now? I couldn't grasp ahold of the concept.

It all came down to faith.

Either you believed in Jesus as the Son of God or you didn't.

I wasn't sure what I believed in.

It was all strange and incomprehensible — the church with its stained glass, the crumby Communion wafers, the white and green and gold vestments Reverend Porter wore on Sunday, the tart white wine, the prayers and hymnals and organ music shoved through brass pipes.

But it wasn't enough for me.

I wanted to see Jesus up close.

What I really wanted was to take Karen Bengle in the cloakroom and run my hand up under her Sunday dress. I wanted to skip the sermon and go out and smoke a cigarette. I wanted to return again and again to the altar and drink strong white wine from Reverend Porter's gold chalice.

"Let me ask you something," I said to Eddie after he pitched off his cigarette. "Do you believe in Jesus, God, Moses, water from a stone, and all of that stuff?"

"I believe what the bible says," he answered.

"What if none of the stuff in the bible has any truth to it? What if it's all some kind of ancient hoax?"

"Blasphemy," said Eddie.

"I don't believe in blasphemy/" I confidently told him.

We didn't say anything more. Eddie seemed to be angry and confused. We walked silently down the street until we came to the school fence. I heard the school bell clang. It was about a minute after eight. As we walked up the athletic field the rain started to come down. Not hard but enough to get your clothes and hair wet. Blasphemy. I wasn't sure if it was possible. I didn't really understand Reverend Porter's and Eddie's and Karen Bengle's faith in the love of Jesus Christ. If you love somebody you do something good for them. I didn't see much good or bad in anything. I took the pack of Winstons from the pocket of my jacket and put them in my right sock. It was coming down pretty hard by the time we made it to the school entrance. It was three or four minutes past eight o'clock in the morning on a rainy Tuesday. I was headed for another big fat black demerit in Mrs. Kramer's book. She stood solidly behind the teacher's desk and glanced at her wristwatch and noted my absence in her dry classroom of good students.

Blasphemy and demerits.

I didn't understand.

Kurt Nimmo

i just left

I rolled off into the grass
and left you there layed
you stayed like a woman
I just left

I don't know why I left
you gave me what I needed
a smile of acceptance
a receptive body in the breeze
a chance to be together

I could tell you I love you
but I'd be lying to both of us.
Me need for you
isn't your need for me.
Sometimes I have to leave
where there's someone to mind.

I could just stay here
and give you a touch
to make what happened
be a prelude for more
but i've taken what I wanted
and found that it wasn't.

Paul Weinman

i just waited

As I layed in the grass
as the breeze rolled past my face
you slept like a baby
and I just waited

I don't know what I was waiting for
a change that wouldn't happen
a smile of appreciation
a warm kiss in the cool afternoon breeze
a change that wouldn't happen

I could tell you I love you
but I'd be lying to the both of us.
I could tell you I need you
but you wouldn't listen.
Sometimes I need to sleep
while someone watches over me.

I could just walk away
and let you sleep
yet I can't help but hope
that soon you'll arise from your slumber
and actually notice that I'm still there.
And be happy that I'm still there.

Janet Kuypers

No paper in the house; I didn't see
A ribbon, but too many empties on
His desk. I wish he'd point at Pegasus's
Bright neck without that smell on his breath. Why can't
We both walk through that gate? Instead he keeps
His shades on, says, "Don't mention Gemini."

Linda Ann Loschiavo



los baller

My urge is to feel you again
breasts against back
asleep to my waking

I yearn to be alone with your body
mine tingling with last night
reliving our passion

I want to feel our skin pressing
slipping in sweat
breath pulsing
our flesh filling each other's
with sensuality

Our words won't match
but I don't care
I want bodies' mix.

Paul Weinman

high roller

I long to see you sitting again
cigarette in hand
walkman on the table

I want to be able to walk up behind
you
rest my hands on your shoulders
lean my head next to your face

I long to have my cheek near yours
not touching
but so close
that I could still feel your warmth
your desire

our skin wouldn't touch
but I would still feel the rush
from your presence

Janet Kuypers

Private Lives I

the elevated train, Chicago, Illinois

why do these chairs
have to face
each other?

They say Americans
need their space
need their privacy
and here I sit
briefcase in lap
while he sits right
across from me
staring

I can't look I can't
he has to see
my eyes darting
my tension
my privacy

in the edge of my vision
I see his dirty clothes
his dirty hair
dirty mind

will he watch me
get off
note the stop I take
watch me walk too

Janet Kuypers

Private Lives II

the elevated train, Chicago, Illinois

the people you see

he was running his hands along the pages
of his large magazine
like petting his cat
slowly, gently
caressing the skin of the animal

back and forth

his eyes staring off into space
was he staring at me

I wasn't afraid to look at him
I knew he couldn't see me

his hands sliding over the braille
page after page

his eyes
fixed
in my direction

I think he knew I was looking

Janet Kuypers

Private Lives III

the elevated train, Chicago, Illinois

The yuppies pile on the cars in their morning commute. It's amazing to think that just hours before now these cars were littered, scattered with an occasional bum, or a gang member, a drunk. Just a few hours before this any one of these people would be too afraid to step on this train.

I see two women step on to the car, each wearing full-length fur coats. Now they have to cram into this full car with all these wool coats, I'll bet they're furious. It would be so easy to spill my coffee on them. I'll bet they don't even know what the animals they killed for this looked like. How many animals would that be? Twelve? Fifteen? Oh, no matter, that's what they're there for, just like this train, serving its function, taking me where I want to go.

Next stop. More yuppies pile on to the train. Most stand without a rail to hold. I hear one yuppie girl say to her lover, "we're L-surfing," right before the train took a turn. All the yuppie suits trying to keep balance, trying not to fall.

I hear a yuppie boy say, "It's just like my living room, it's so spacious." You're the life of the party, friend. You're in your suit, you'll go places. I read a sign above my head that says, "Crime Stoppers pays up to \$1,000 for anonymous crime tips."

All the signs above our heads are for graffiti hotlines, pregnancy clinics, drug rehab centers. Signs telling people not to carry guns.

I remember afternoons on the train when homeless men would walk from car to car through the train, trying to sell a newspaper to the people commuting home.

In a few hours, when the yuppies are safe in their homes, with their children safe tucked into their beds, the homeless man will hide home too.

One of the women with the fur steps off the train.

Janet Kuypers

Private Lives IV

the elevated train, Chicago, Illinois

you can hear the gears
speeding up
slowing down

I have seen into other's lives

a woman with two children
one sitting in a stroller
one standing
get on the train

she pulls the scarf
from around her neck
the gloves off

she reaches into her bag
finds a square of folded tin foil
carefully opens
pulls out a tissue

folds the tin foil
puts it away
wipes the children's noses

the standing child sees writing
on the back of her Batman doll

"What does it say?" "Made in
China."
"Is that his name?"

this was the window
I was looking through

Janet Kuypers

